THE

Chap-Book

SEMI-MONTHLY

Contents for February 15, 1806.

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SONNET

"Our American god, Hustle."-HOWELLS.

A LL things that follow Nature's course take time.

There is no haste with them, from suns to seeds,
From star-births to earth's little greening weeds—
No haste—no leaping of the law sublime
Whose promise is Eternity! The crime
Of haste is man's, who, trampling on law, pleads
God's ignorance of what the future needs.
And for some purpose God endures the mime.
God of our nobler fathers, I adore Thee!
Too late I live to dedicate my ways
To Thee divinely, and I can restore Thee
Only a starving soul, but that with praise
That I have set no other god before Thee,
And have despised the Moloch of my days.

JOHN H. BONER.

DE NATURA BARBATULORUM

THAT anyone who dressed so very badly as did Thomas Carlyle should have tried to construct a philosophy of clothes, has always seemed to me one of the most pathetic things in literature. He in the Temple of Vestments! Why sought he to intrude, another Clodius, upon those mysteries, and light his pipe from those ardent censers? What were his hobnails that they should mar the pavement of that delicate Temple? Truly, he learnt none of the rites. The rhapsodies that he hurls through the mask of Teufelsdröck are quite uninspired. In Sarter Re-Copyright, 1896, by Strong & Kimaall.

sartus lie no secrets for those who would penetrate its pages. I found the key to that empty book, long ago, in the lock of the author's empty wardrobe. His hat, that is still preserved

in Chevne Walk, formed an important clue.

The chapter about Dandies, with its blind discussions and clumsy satire, is surely one of the very worst things Carlyle ever wrote. Yet may we find in it instances how, headlong through the fog of his intellect, he did sometimes bump up against the truth, cursing; whilst very clarity of vision might tempt another to the pursuit of vain, if exquisite, mirages. At the very beginning of the chapter we hear a loud hump and the philosopher crying, "A Dandy is a Clothes-wearing Man, a Man whose trade, office and existence consists in the wearing of Clothes. Every faculty of his soul, spirit, purse and person is heroically consecrated to this one object, the wearing of Clothes wisely and well." And (behold!) as he mutters away into the distance and we stand thinking that these were true words, Monsieur Barbey D'Aurevilly, that gentle moqueur, appears, drawling, with waves of his hand: "Les esprits qui ne voient pas les choses que par leur plus petit côté, ont imaginé que le Dandysme était surtout l'art de la mise, une heureuse et audacieuse dictature en fait de toilette et d'élégance extérieure. Très certainement c'est cela aussi, mais c'est bien davantage. Le Dandysme est toute une manière d'être, et l'on n'est pas que par la côté matériellement visible. C'est une manière d'être, entièrement composée de nuances, comme il arrive toujours dans les sociétés très vieilles et très civilisées." It is a pleasure to expostulate with so suave a subtlist, and we say to him that this new and comprehensive definition does not please us. We say, we think he errs,

Not that Monsieur's analysis of the dandiacal mind is worthless by any means. Nor, when he declares that George Brummell was the supreme king of the dandies and "fut le Dandysme même," can I but piously lay one hand upon the brim of my hat, the other upon my heart. But it is as an artist and for his supremacy in the art of costume, and for all he did to gain the recognition of costume as in itself an art, and for that superb taste and subtle simplicity of mode whereby he was able to expel, at length, the Byzantine spirit of exuberance which had possessed St. James's, and wherefor he is ustly called the Father of Modern Costume, that I do most deeply revere him. It is not a little strange that Monsieur D'Aurevilly, the biographer who, in some ways, would seem most perfectly to have understood Mr. Brummell, should belittle to a mere phase that which was indeed the very core of his existence. To analyse the temperament of a great artist and then to claim that his art is but a part-a little part-of his temperament, is a foolish proceeding. It is as if a man should say that he finds, on analysis, that gunpowder is composed of potassium chloride (let me say), nitrate and power of explosion. Dandyism is ever the outcome of a carefully cultivated temperament, not part of the temperament itself. That manière d'être, entièrement composée de nuances, was not more, as the writer seems to have supposed, than attributory to Mr. Brummell's art, nor is it even peculiar to dandies. All delicate spirits, to whatever art they turn, even if they turn to no art, assume an oblique attitude towards life. Of all dandies, Mr. Brummell may have most steadfastly preserved this attitude. Like the single-minded artist that he was, he turned full and square towards his art and looked life straight in the face, out of the corners of his

It is not hard to see how, in the effort to give Mr Brummell his due place in history, Monsieur D'Aurevilly came to grief. It is but strange that he should have fallen into so obvious a trap. Surely he should have perceived that so long as Civilization compels her children to wear clothes,

the impensive multitude will never acknowledge dandvism to be an art. If considerations of modesty or hygiene compelled everyone to stain canvas or chip marble every morning, painting and sculpture would, in like manner, be despised. Now, as these considerations do compel everyone to envelop himself in things made of cloth and linen, this common duty is confounded with that fair procedure, elaborate of many thoughts, in whose accord the fop accomplishes his toilet, each morning afresh, Aurora speeding on to gild his mirror Not until nudity be popular will the art of costume be really acknowledged. Nor even then will it be approved. Communities are ever jealous (very naturally) of the artist who works for his own pleasure, not for theirs; -more jealous by far of him whose energy is spent wholly upon the glorification of himself alone. Carlyle speaks of dandvism as a survival of "the primeval superstition selfworship." "La wanite," are almost the first words of Monsieur D'Aurevilly, "c'est un sentiment contre lequel tout le monde est impitoyable." Few remember that the dandy's vanity is far different from the crude conceit of the merely handsome man. Dandyism is, after all, one of the decorative arts. A fine ground to work upon is its first postulate. And the dandy only cares for his physical endowments in so far as they are susceptible of fine results. They are just so much to him as to the decorative artist is inilluminate parchment, the form of a white vase or the surface of a wall where frescoes shall be.

I have often thought that the selfish concentration of dandyism is in itself a charm, and a symbol, so to say, of that einsamkeit felt, in greater or less degree, by the practitioners of every art. But, curiously enough, the very unity of his mind with the ground he works upon exposes the dandy to the influence of the world. In one way dandyism is the least selfish of all the arts. Musicians are seen and, ex-

cept for a price, not heard. Only for a price may you read what poets have written. All painters are not so generous as our Mr. Watts. But the dandy presents himself to the nation, whenever he sallies from his front-door. All the people, princes and peasants, may gaze upon his masterpieces. Now, any art that is pursued directly under the eye of the public is always far more amenable to Fashion than is an art with which the public is but vicariously concerned. Those standards to which artists have gradually accustomed it, the public will not see set lightly at naught. The traditions of the Theatre are, for example, very rigid. If my brother were to declaim his lines, at the Haymarket, in the florotund manner of Macready, what a row there would be in the gallery! It is only by the impalpable process of evolution that change comes to the Theatre. Likewise, in the sphere of costume no swift rebellion can succeed, as was exemplified by the Prince's effort to revive knee-breeches. Had his Royal Highness elected, in his wisdom, to wear tight trousers strapped under his boots, " smalls " might in their turn have reappeared and, at length-who knows ?-knee-breeches. It is only by the trifling addition or elimination, modification or extension made by this or that dandy and copied by the rest that the mode proceeds. The young dandy will find certain laws to which he must conform. If he outrage them he will be hooted by the urchins of the street, not unjustly, for he will have outraged the slowly-constructed laws of artists who have preceded him. Let him reflect that fashion is no bondage imposed by alien hands, but the last wisdom of his own kind; that true dandyism is the result of an artistic temperament working upon a fine body within the wide limits of fashion. He must conform. I do not doubt it is owing to this habit of conformity which it inculcates that the Army has been able to give us all our finest dandies from Mr. Brummell and Count D'Orsay to Colonel Brabazon, de nos jours. Any parent, intending his son to be a dandy, will do well to send him first into the army, there to learn humility as did his archetype, Apollo, in the house of Admetus. A sojourn at one of the Public Schools is also to be commended. The University it were well to avoid.

Of course the dandy, like any other artist, has moments when his own period, palling, inclines him to antique modes. A fellow-student once told me that, after a long vacation spent in touch with modern life, he had hammered at the little, frowning gate of Merton and felt, of a sudden, his hat assume plumes and an expansive curl, the impress of a ruff about his neck, the dangle of a cloak and a sword. I, too, have my Elizabethan, my Caroline moments. I have gone to bed Georgian and awoke Early Victorian. savagery has charmed me. And at such times I have often wished I could find in my wardrobe suitable costumes. But such modish regrets are sterile, after all, and comprimend. What boots it to defy the conventions of our time? The true dandy must always love contemporary costume. In this age, as in all former ages, it is only the tasteless who cavil, being impotent to win from it fair results. The costume of the present day, with its subtlety and sombre restraint, is supremely apt as a medium for the expression of modern emotion. The dandy is "the child of his age," and his best work must be produced in accord with the age's natural influence.

Yes! Costume, dandiacal or not, is in the degree expressive; nor is there any type it may not express. It enables us to classify any "professional man" at a glance, be he lawyer, leech, or what not. Still more swift and obvious is its revelation of the work and the soul of those who dress, whether naturally or for effect, without reference to convention. The bowler of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is a perfect preface to all his works. The silk hat of Mr. Whistler is a real nocturne,

his linen a symphony en blanc majeur. To have seen Mr. Hall Caine is to have read his soul. His formless, flowing cloak is as one of his own novels, twenty-five editions latent in the folds of it. Melodrama crouches upon the brim of his sombrero. His tie is a Publisher's Announcement. His boots are Copyright. In his hand he holds the staff of the "Daily Chroniclh."

But the dandy, in nowise violating the laws of fashion, can make more subtle symbols of his personality. More subtle these symbols are for the very reason that they are effective within the restrictions which are essential to an art. Chastened of all flamboyance, they are occult from most eyes, obvious, it may be, only to other artists, or even only to him they symbolize. Nor will the dandy express merely a rude idea of his personality, as does, for example, Mr. Hall Came, dressing himself always and exactly after one pattern. Every day, as his mood has changed since his last toilet, he will vary the colour, texture, form of his costume, Every day, there is not one accessory, from the butterfly that alights above his shirt-front to the jewels planted in his linen, that will not symbolize the mood that is in him or the occasion of the coming day. Fashion does not rob the dandy of his free will. It leaves him liberty of all expression. And the affinity of his mood to his costume is not merely that it finds therein its perfect echo, nor that it may even be, in reflex, thereby accentuated or made less poignant.

For some years I had felt convinced that, in the perfection of dandyism, this affinity might reach that point when the costume itself, planned with the finest sensibility, might in a measure change with the wearer's changing whim. But I had felt also that here was one of those boundaries where the fields of art align with the fields of science. Daring no further, I never tried to verify my theory. It happened, however, that I lunched, one day near the end of last July, with a

man who asked me to go with him after to his club and watch for the results of the racing at Goodwood. This club includes hardly any member who is not a devotee of the Turf, and when we arrived the cloak-room displayed long rows of unburdened pegs, save where one hat shone. No one but that illustrious dandy, Lord X, wears quite so broad a brim as this hat had. I said that Lord X must be in the club.

"Too nervous to be on the course, I suppose," my friend replied. "They say he has plunged up to the hilt on to-day's

running."

His lordship was indeed fingering the white ribands of the tape-machine quite feverishly. I sat at a little distance and watched him. Two results straggled forth within an hour, and at the second I saw, with wonder, Lord X's linen actually flush for a moment and then turn deadly pale. I looked again and saw that his boots had lost their lustre. Drawing nearer, I saw that gray hairs were beginning to show themselves in his raven coat. It was very painful and yet, to me, very gratifying. In the cloak-room, when I went for my own hat and cane, I saw again the hat with the broad brim, and lo, over its iron-blue surface little furrows had been ploughed by Despair.

MAX BEERBOHM.





BY RAYMOND M. CROSBY

ON A BOOKPLATE

By Books may Learning, perhaps, befall;
But Wisdom, never by Books at all—
Yet Thought should shiver at least the less
With them to cover her nakedness.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

THE RED ROOM

CAN assure you," said I, "that it will take a very tangible ghost to frighten me." And I stood up before the fire with my glass in my hand.

"It is your own choosing," said the man with the with-

ered arm, and glanced at me askance.

"Eight and twenty years," said I, "I have lived, and

never a ghost have I seen as yet."

The old woman sat staring hard into the fire, her pale eyes wide open. "Aye," she broke in, "and eight and twenty years you have lived and never seen the likes of this house, I reckon. There's a many things to see, when one's still but eight and twenty." She swayed her head slowly from side to side. "A many things to see and sorrow for."

I half suspected the old people were trying to enhance the spiritual terrors of their house by their droning insistence. I put down my empty glass on the table and looked about the room, and caught a glimpse of myself, abbreviated and broadened to an impossible sturdiness, in the queer old mirror at the end of the room. "Well," I said, "if I see anything to-night, I shall be so much the wiser. For I come to the business with an open mind."

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"It's your own choosing," said the man with the withered arm once more.

I heard the sound of a stick and a shambling step on the flags in the passage outside, and the door creaked on its hinges as a second old man entered, more bent, more wrinkled, more aged even than the first. He supported himself by a single crutch, his eyes were covered by a shade, and his lower lip, half averted, hung pale and pink from his decaying yellow teeth. He made straight for an arm-chair on the opposite side of the table, sat down clumsily, and began to cough. The man with the withered arm gave this new comer a short glance of positive dislike; the old woman took no notice of his arrival, but remained with her eyes fixed steadily on the fire.

"I said—it's your own choosing," said the man with the withered arm, when the coughing had ceased for awhile.

"It's my own choosing," I answered.

The man with the shade became aware of my presence for the first time, and threw his head back for a moment and sideways, to see me. I caught a momentary glimpse of his eyes, small and bright and inflamed. Then he began to

cough and splutter again.

"Why do n't you drink?" said the man with the withered arm, pushing the beer towards him. The man with the shade poured out a glassful with a shaky arm that splashed half as much again on the deal table. A monstrous shadow of him crouched upon the wall and mocked his action as he poured and drank. I must confess I had scarce expected these grotesque custodians. There is to my mind something inhuman in senility, something crouching and atavistic; the human qualities seem to drop from old people insensibly day by day. The three of them made me feel uncomfortable, with their gaunt silences, their bent carriage, their evident unfriendliness to me and to one another.

"If," said I, "you will show me to this haunted room of yours, I will make myself comfortable there."

The old man with the cough jerked his head back so suddenly that it startled me, and shot another glance of his red eyes at me from under the shade; but no one answered me. I waited a minute, glancing from one to the other.

"If," I said a little louder, "if you will show me to this haunted room of yours, I will relieve you from the task of entertaining me."

"There's a candle on the slab outside the door," said the man with the withered arm, looking at my feet as he addressed me. "But if you go to the Red Room tonight—"

("This night of all nights!" said the old woman.)

"You go alone."

"Very well," I answered, "And which way do I go?"

"You go along the passage for a bit," said he, "until you come to a door, and through that is a spiral staircase, and half-way up that is a landing and another door covered with baize. Go through that and down the long corridor to the end, and the Red Room is on your left up the steps."

"Have I got that right?" I said, and repeated his directions. He corrected me in one particular.

"And are you really going?" said the man with the shade, looking at me again for the third time, with that queer, unnatural tilting of the face.

("This night of all nights," said the old woman.)

"It is what I came for," I said, and moved towards the door. As I did so the old man with the shade rose and staggered round the table, so as to be closer to the others and to the fire. At the door I turned and looked at them, and saw they were all close together, dark against the firelight, staring at me over their shoulders, with an intent expression on their ancient faces.

"Good night," I said, setting the door open.

"It's your own choosing," said the man with the withered arm.

I left the door wide open until the candle was well alight, and then I shut them in and walked down the chilly, echoing passage.

I must confess that the oddness of these three old pensioners in whose charge her ladyship had left the castle, and the deep-toned, old-fashioned furniture of the housekeeper's room in which they foregathered, affected me in spite of my efforts to keep myself at a matter-of-fact phase. They seemed to belong to another age, an older age, an age when things spiritual were different from this of ours, less certain; an age when omens and witches were credible, and ghosts beyond denying. Their very existence was spectral; the cut of their clothing, fashions born in dead brains. The ornaments and conveniences of the room about them were ghostlythe thoughts of vanished men, which still haunted rather than participated in the world of to-day. But with an effort I sent such thoughts to the right about. The long, draughty subterranean passage was chilly and dusty, and my candle flared and made the shadows cower and quiver. The echoes rang up and down the spiral staircase, and a shadow came sweeping up after me, and one fled before me into the darkness overhead. I came to the landing and stopped there for a moment listening to a rustling that I fancied I heard; then, satisfied of the absolute silence, I pushed open the baizecovered door and stood in the corridor.

The effect was scarcely what I expected, for the moonlight, coming in by the great window on the grand staircase, picked out everything in vivid black shadow or silvery illumination. Everything was in its place: the house might have been deserted on the yesterday instead of eighteen months ago. There were candles in the sockets of the sconces, and whatever dust had gathered on the carpets or upon the polished flooring was distributed so evenly as to be invisible in the moonlight. I was about to advance, and stopped abruptly. A bronze group stood upon the landing, hidden from me by the corner of the wall, but its shadow fell with marvellous distinctness upon the white panelling and gave me the impression of someone crouching to waylay me. I stood rigid for half a minute perhaps. Then, with my hand in the pocket that held my revolver, I advanced, only to discover a Ganymede and Eagle glistening in the moonlight. That incident for a time restored my nerve, and a porcelain Chinaman on a buhl table, whose head rocked as I passed him, scarcely startled me.

The door to the Red Room and the steps up to it were in a shadowy corner. I moved my candle from side to side in order to see clearly the nature of the recess in which I stood before opening the door. Here it was, thought I, that my predecessor was found, and the memory of that story gave me a sudden twinge of apprehension. I glanced over my shoulder at the Ganymede in the moonlight and opened the door of the Red Room rather hastily, with my face half turned to the pallid silence of the landing.

I entered, closed the door behind me at once, turned the key I found in the lock within, and stood with the candle held aloft, surveying the scene of my vigil, the great Red Room of Lorraine Castle, in which the young duke had died. Or, rather, in which he had begun his dying, for he had opened the door and fallen headlong down the steps I had just ascended. That hadbeen the end of his vigil, of his gallant attempt to conquer the ghostly tradition of the place, and never, I thought, had apoplexy better served the ends of superstition. And there were other and older stories that clung to the room, back to the half-credible beginning of it all, the tale of a timid wife and the tragic end that came to

her husband's jest of frightening her. And looking around that large shadowy room, with its shadowy window bays, its recesses and alcoves, one could well understand the legends that had sprouted in its black corners, its germinating darkness. My candle was a little tongue of light in its vastness, that failed to pierce the opposite end of the room, and left an ocean of mystery and suggestion beyond its

island of light.

I resolved to make a systematic examination of the place at once, and dispel the fanciful suggestions of its obscurity before they obtained a hold upon me. After satisfying myself of the fastening of the door, I began to walk about the room, peering round each article of furniture, tucking up the valances of the bed, and opening its curtains wide. pulled up the blinds and examined the fastenings of the several windows before closing the shutters, leant forward and looked up the blackness of the wide chimney, and tapped the dark oak panelling for any secret opening. There were two big mirrors in the room, each with a pair of sconces bearing candles, and on the mantel-shelf, too, were more candles in china candlesticks. All these I lit one after the other. The fire was laid—an unexpected consideration from the old housekeeper-and I lit it, to keep down any disposition to shiver, and when it was burning well I stood round with my back to it and regarded the room again. I had pulled up a chintz-covered armchair and a table, to form a kind of barricade before me, and on this lay my revolver ready to hand. My precise examination had done me good, but I still found the remoter darkness of the place, and its perfect stillness, too stimulating for the imagination. echoing of the stir and crackling of the fire was no sort of comfort to me. The shadow in the alcove, at the end in particular, had that undefinable quality of a presence, that odd suggestion of a lurking living thing, that comes so easily in silence and solitude. At last to reassure myself I walked with a candle into it, and satisfied myself that there was nothing tangible there. I stood that candle upon the floor of

the alcove and left it in that position.

By this time I was in a state of considerable nervous tension, although to my reason there was no adequate cause for the condition. My mind, however, was perfectly clear. I postulated quite unreservedly that nothing supernatural could happen, and to pass the time I began to string some rhymes together, Ingoldsby fashion, of the original legend of the place. A few I spoke aloud, but the echoes were not pleasant. For the same reason I also abandoned, after a time. a conversation with myself upon the impossibility of ghosts and haunting. My mind reverted to the three old and distorted people downstairs, and I tried to keep it upon that topic. The sombre reds and blacks of the room troubled me; even with seven candles the place was merely dim. The one in the alcove flared in a draught, and the fire-flickering kept the shadows and penumbra perpetually shifting and stirring. Casting about for a remedy, I recalled the candles I had seen in the passage, and, with a slight effort, walked out into the moonlight carrying a candle and leaving the door open, and presently returned with as many as ten. These I put in various knick-knacks of china with which the room was sparsely adorned, lit and placed where the shadows had lain deepest, some on the floor, some in the window recesses, until at last my seventeen candles were so arranged that not an inch of the room but what had the direct light of at least one of them. It occurred to me that when the ghost came I could warn him not to trip over them. The room was now quite brightly illuminated. something very cheery and reassuring in these little streaming flames, and snuffing them gave me an occupation and afforded a reassuring sense of the passage of time.

Even with that, however, the brooding expectation of the vigil weighed heavily enough upon me. It was after midnight that the candle in the alcove suddenly went out, and the black shadow sprung back to its place there. I did not see the candle go out; I simply turned and saw that the darkness was there, as one might start and see the unexpected presence of a stranger. "By Jove!" said I aloud, "that draught's a strong one!" and, taking the matches from the table, I walked across the room in a leisurely manner to relight the corner again. My first match would not strike, and as I succeeded with the second, something seemed to blink on the wall before me. I turned my head involuntarily and saw that the two candles on the little table by the fireplace were extinguished. I rose at once to my feet.

"Odd!" I said. "Did I do that myself in a flash of absent-mindedness?"

I walked back, relit one, and as I did so I saw the candle in the right sconce of one of the mirrors wink and go right out, and almost immediately its companion followed it. There was no mistake about it. The flame vanished, as if the wicks had been suddenly nipped between a finger and a thumb, leaving the wick neither glowing nor smoking, but black. While I stood gaping, the candle at the foot of the bed went out, and the shadows seemed to take another step towards me.

"This won't do!" said I, and first one and then another candle on the mantel-shelf followed.

"What's up?" I cried, with a queer high note getting into my voice somehow. At that the candle on the wardrobe went out, and the one I had relit in the alcove followed.

"Steady on!" I said. "These candles are wanted," speaking with a half-hysterical facetiousness, and scratching away at a match the while for the mantel candlesticks. My

hands trembled so much that twice I missed the rough paper of the matchbox. As the mantle emerged from darkness again, two candles in the remoter end of the window were eclipsed. But with the same match I also relit the larger mirror candles, and those on the floor near the doorway, so that for the moment I seemed to gain on the extinctions. But then in a volley there vanished four lights at once in different corners of the room, and I struck another match in quivering haste, and stood hesitating whither to take it.

As I stood undecided, an invisible hand seemed to sweep out the two candles on the table. With a cry of terror I dashed at the alcove, then into the corner, and then into the window, relighting three, as two more vanished by the fireplace; then, perceiving a better way, I dropped the matches on the iron-bound deedbox in the corner, and caught up the bedroom candlestick. With this I avoided the delay of striking matches, but for all that the steady process of extinction went on, and the shadows I feared and fought against returned, and crept in upon me, first a step gained on this side of me and then on that. It was like a ragged storm-cloud sweeping out the stars, Now and then one returned for a minute and was lost again. I was now almost frantic with the horror of the coming darkness, and my selfpossession deserted me. I leaped panting and dishevelled from candle to candle in a vain struggle against that remorseless advance.

I bruised myself in the thigh against the table, I sent a chair headlong, I stumbled and fell and whisked the cloth from the table in my fall. My candle rolled away from me and I snatched another as I rose. Abruptly this was blown out, as I swung it off the table, by the wind of my sudden movement, and immediately the two remaining candles followed. But there was light still in the room, a red light that staved off the shadows from me. The fire! Of course,

I could still thrust my candle between the bars and relight it!

I turned to where the flames were still dancing between the glowing coals and splashing red reflection upon the furniture, made two steps toward the grate, and incontinently the flames dwindled and vanished, the glow vanished, the reflections rushed together and vanished, and as I thrust the candle between the bars, darkness closed upon me like the shutting of an eye, wrapped about me in a stifling embrace, sealed my vision, and crushed the last vestiges of reason from my brain. The candle fell from my hand. I flung out my arms in a vain effort to thrust that ponderous blackness away from me, and, lifting up my voice, screamed with all my might—once, twice, thrice, Then I think I must have staggered to my feet. I know I thought suddenly of the moonlit corridor, and with my head bowed and my arms over my face, made a run for the door,

But I had forgotten the exact position of the door, and struck myself heavily against the corner of the bed. I staggered back, turned, and was either struck or struck myself against some other bulky furniture. I have a vague memory of battering myself thus, to and fro in the darkness, of a cramped struggle and of my own will crying as I darted to and fro, of a heavy blow at last upon my forehead, a horrible sensation of falling that lasted an age, of my last frantic effort to keep my footing, and then I remember no more.

I opened my eyes in daylight. My head was roughly bandaged, and the man with the withered arm was watching my face. I looked about me trying to remember what had happened, and for a space I could not recollect. I rolled my eyes into the corner and saw the old woman, no longer abstracted, pouring out some drops of medicine from a little blue phial into a glass. "Where am I?" I asked. "I seem to remember you, and yet I cannot remember who you are"

They told me then, and I heard of the haunted Red Room as one who hears a tale. "We found you at dawn," said he, "and there was blood on your forehead and lips."

It was very slowly I recovered my memory of my experience. "You believe now," said the old man, "that the room is haunted?" He spoke no longer as one who greets an intruder, but as one who grieves for a broken friend.

"Yes," said I, "the room is haunted."

"And you have seen it. And we, who have lived here all our lives, have never set eyes upon it. Because we have never dared. . . . Tell us, is it truly the old earl who—"

"No," said I, "it is not."

"I told you so," said the old lady, with the glass in her hand. "It is his poor young countess who was frightened—"

"It is not," I said. "There is neither ghost of earl nor ghost of countess in that room, there is no ghost there at all; but worse, far worse—"

" Well?" they said.

"The worst of all the things that haunt poor mortal man," said I; "and that is, in all its nakedness—Fear! Fear that will not have light nor sound, that will not bear with reason, that deafens and darkens and overwhelms. It followed me through the corridor, it fought against me in the room—"

I stopped abruptly. There was an interval of silence.

My hand went up to my bandages.

Then the man with the shade sighed and spoke, "That is it," said he. "I knew that was it, A Power of Darkness. To put such a curse upon a woman! It lurks there always. You can feel it even in the daytime, even of a bright summer's day, in the hangings, in the curtains, keeping behind you however you face about. In the dusk it creeps along the corrido, and follows you, so that you dare not turn. There is fear in that room of hers, and there will be—so long as this house endures."

H. G. WELLS.

THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN



GALLANTRY A LA MODE; OR, THE LOVERS CATCHED BY THE BIRD



THE HORSE TURNED GROOM
FROM AN OLD CHAP-BOOK

A BALLAD OF A WORKMAN

A LL day beneath polluted skies

He laboured in a clanging town;

At night he read with bloodshot eyes,

And fondly dreamt of high renown.

- "My time is filched by toil and sleep;
 "My heart," he thought, "is clogged with dust;
- " My soul that flashed from out the deep,
 - "A magic blade, begins to rust.
- "For me the lamps of heaven shine;
- "For me the cunning seasons care;
 "The old undaunted sea is mine;
- "The stable earth, the wandering air.
- "Yet a dark street—at either end,
 "A bed, an anvil—prisons me
- "Until my desperate state shall mend,
 "And Death, the Saviour, set me free.
- "Better a hundred times to die,
 - "And sink at once into the mould,
- "Than like a stagnant puddle lie
- "With arabesques of scum enscrolled.
- "I must go forth and view the sphere
 "I own. What can my courage daunt?
- "Instead of dying daily here,
 "The worst is dying once of want.
- "I drop the dream of high renown;
- "I ask but to possess my soul"
 At dawn he left the silent town,

And quaking toward the forest stole.

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He feared that he might want the wit To light on Nature's hidden hearth, And deemed his rusty soul unfit To win the beauty of the earth,

But when he came among the trees So slowly built, so many-ring'd, His doubting thought could soar at ease In colour steep'd, with passion wing'd.

Occult remembrances awoke
Of outlaws in the good greenwood,
And antique times of woaded folk
Began to haunt his brain and blood.

No longer hope appeared a crime; He sang; his very heart and flesh Aspired to join the ends of time, And forge and mould the world afresh.

"I dare not choose to run in vain;
"I must continue toward the goal."
The pulse of life beat strong again,
And in a flash he found his soul.

"The worker never knows defeat,
"Though unvictorious he may die;
"The anvil and the grimy street,
"My destined throne and Calvary!"

Back to the town he hastened, bent— So swiftly did his passion change— On selfless plans. "I shall invent "A means to amplify the range

"Of human power: find the soul wings,
"If not the body! Let me give

"Mankind more mastery over things,
"More thought, more joy, more will to live."

He overtook upon the way
A tottering ancient, travel-worn:
"Lend me your arm, good youth, I pray!
"I scarce shall see another morn."

Dread thought had carved his pallid face,
And bowed his form and bleached his hair;
In every part he bore some trace,
Or some deep dint of uncouth care.

The workman led him to his room,
And would have nursed him. "No," he said;
"It is my self-appointed doom
"To die upon a borrowed bed;

"But hear and note my slightest word.
"I am a man without a name.

"I saw the Bastile fall; I heard "The Giant Mirabeau declaim.

"I saw the stormy dawn look pale
"Across the sea-bound battle-field,
"When through the hissing sleet and hail
"The clarions of Cromwell pealed:

"I watched the deep-souled Puritan
"Grow greater with the desperate strife;
"The cannon waked; the shouting van
"Charged home; and victory leapt to life,

"At Seville in the royal square
"I saw Columbus as he passed
"Laurelled to greet the Catholic pair
"Who had believed in him at last;

- " I saw the Andalusians fill
 - "Windows and roofs and balconies-
- "A firmament of faces still,
 - " A galaxy of wondering eyes.
- "For he had found the unknown shore,
- "And made the world's great dream come true:
- " I think that men shall never more
 - "Know anything so strange and new.
- "In Anatolia these eyes
 - "Beheld the ghastly emerald light-
- " The meteor that usurped the skies,
 - "And curtained all the stars of night:
- "Beneath its glare when day had set
- "I looked across Angora's plain,
- "And watched the fall of Bajazet,
 - "The victory of Tamerlane.
- "In that old city where the vine
 - "Dislodged the sea-weed, once I saw
- "The inexorable Florentine;
 - "He looked my way: I bent with awe
- "Before his glance; for this was he
 - "Who drained the dregs of sorrow's cup
- "In fierce disdain: it seemed to me
 - "A spirit passed; my hair stood up.
- "Draw nearer: breath and sight begin
 - "To fail me : nearer, ere I die .-
- "I saw the brilliant Saladin
 - "Who taught the Christians courtesy;
- "And Charlemagne, whose dreaded name
 - "I first in far Bokhara heard;

- "Mohammed, with the eyes of flame,
 "The lightning-blow, the thunder-word.
- "I saw Him nailed upon a tree,
 "Whom once beside an inland lake
- "I had beheld in Galilee
 "Speaking as no man ever spake.
- "I saw imperial Cæsar fall;
 "I saw the star of Macedon;
 "I saw from Troja's magic wall
 "The death of Priam's mighty son.
- "I heard in Troja's streets at night
 "Cassandra prophesying fire . . .
- "A flamelit face upon my sight
 "Flashes: I see the World's Desire!
- "My life ebbs fast: nearer!—I sought
 "A means to overmaster fate:
 "Me the Egyptian Hermes taught
 "In old Hermopolis the great:
- "I pierced to Nature's inmost hearth,
 "And wrung from her with toil untold
 "The soul and substance of the earth,
 "The Seed of Life, the Seed of Gold.
- "Until the end I meant to stay;
 "But thought has here so small a range;
- "And I am tired of night and day,
 "And tired of men who never change.
- "All earthly hope ceased long ago;
 "Yet, like a mother young and fond
 "Whose child is dead, I ache to know
 "If there be anything beyond.

"Dark-all is darkness! Are you there?

"Give me your hand. I choose to die:
"This holds my secret—should you dare;

"And this, to bury me. . . . Good-bye."

Amazement held the workman's soul;
He took the alchemist's bequest—
A light purse and a parchment scroll;
And watched him slowly sink to rest.

And nothing could he dream or think;
He went like one bereft of sense,
Till passion overbore the brink
Of all his wistful continence.

When his strange guest was laid in earth And he had read the scroll: "Behold, "I can procure from Nature's hearth

"The Seed of Life, the Seed of Gold!

"For ever young! Now time and tide "Must wait for me; my life shall vie

"With fate and fortune stride for stride "Until the sun drops from the sky.

"Gold at a touch! Nations and kings "Shall come and go at my command;

"I shall control the secret springs
"Of enterprise in every land,

"And hasten on the perfect day:
"Great men may break the galling chains;

"Sweet looks light up the toilsome way;
"But I alone shall hold the reins!

"All fragrance, all delightfulness, "And all the glory, all the power

- "That sound and colour can express, "Shall be my ever-growing dower;
- "And I shall know, and I shall love "In every age, in every clime,
- "All beauty—I, enthroned above "Humanity, the peer of Time!
- "Nay —selfish! I shall give to men
 "The Seed of Life, the Seed of Gold;
- "Restore the Golden Age again
- "At once, and let no soul grow old.
- "But gold were then of no avail,
 - "And death would cease unhallowed doom!
 "The heady wine of life grow stale,
 - "And earth become a living tomb!
- "And youth would end, and truth decline,
 - "And only pale illusion rule;
- " For it is death makes love divine,
 - "Men human, life so sweet and full!"
- He burnt the scroll. "I shall not cheat
 - "My destiny. Life, death for me !
- "The anvil and the grimy street,
 - "My unknown throne and Calvary!
- "Only obedience can be great;
 - "It brings the Golden Age again :
- " Even to be still, abiding fate,
 - " Is kingly ministry to men!
- "I drop the dream of high renown,
 - " A nameless private in the strife:
 - "Life, take me; take me, clanging town;
 - " And death, the eager zest of life.

"The hammered anvils reel and chime;

" The breathless, belted wheels ring true;

"The workmen join the ends of time,

" And forge and mould the world anew."

JOHN DAVIDSON.

"WHEN THE KING COMES IN"

HE slunk along in the shadows listlessly, staring with unheeding eyes at the shuffling crowds upon the sidewalks, at the fly-blown, tawdry splendors of the shop windows, and at the yellow gloom of the pawn-shop. The autumn wind swept sharply up from the river, and she drew her old plaid shawl about her tightly with one hand, while with the other she covered her swollen and discolored The sidewalks and roadway were covered with a thin, slippery coating of mingled filth and mud. An autumn mist, heavy with smoke, pressed itselftightly down upon the street, deadening the light of the electric lamps at the corners into mere splotches of a dully-luminous grey. Frowsy, palefaced girls hung about dark doorways where they bandied mirthless jests with lounging men and boys. In front of a bar-room, whence came the fangling notes of a piano and the scream of a high-pitched sopranovoice, a man stood and urged the passers-by to go in and witness "the dizziest 'vawdyville' in the city." The woman in the old plaid shawl passed him without heeding his blatant voice. She had heard his sing-song shout many times; the "dizzy vawdyville" was nothing new. There never was anything new in Myrtle Street; it was ever the same ugly, sordid, joyless place day and night, week in and week out. It was always crowded with people, but it was always strangely sullen and mirthless. You never heard anyone laugh there. At times when someone slipped and fell upon the slime of the pavement, or when one of the white-faced girls hurled shrill defiance at a man or at her companions, a hoarse human bark rent the air, but it was not a laugh. Even the children, who scrambled in the gutters and crept in and out of the

dark alleys, forgot to laugh.

The woman with swollen and discolored cheek, who was crawling along in the shadows, halted in front of a dram-shop on a corner, and gazed doubtfully, longingly at its swinging door. She was wondering if perchance Red Mike would trust her for a drink. She felt keenly the chill air from the river. She was strangely weary and downhearted, too. Earlier in the evening she and her man had quarrelled. He was drunk, as usual, and had struck her, but for some unaccountable reason she had not screeched and struck back and tried to claw his face. She had simply grabbed her old shawl and escaped into the street, where she had wandered about for an hour. It was very odd that she had acted thus, and now she was shamefaced about asking Red Mike for a drink of whisky! He got all their meager earnings, anyway, did Red Mike, and he was usually easy enough about donating a dram or two when they were down in their luck, and heretofore she had n't minded asking him. And if he chanced to refuse, she eased her mind by a good mouthful of curses, which she spat at him like a cat. But to-night she was foolishly squeamish about asking him; she feared the loafers about the bar would jeer at her if he refused; her face pained her where Con's blow had fallen, and she was cold and shivering, and-well, she was losing her nerve. So she turned away from the hot glow of the barroom door and passed on into the mists of the street.

As she crawled along there came to her ears a quick thud of a drum-beat and the sound of men and women's voices singing. Marching through the gloom they came, a flapping banner above their heads, the red shirts of the men

and the blue, scarlet-banded bonnets of the women lending for a moment a patch of color to the dim dinginess of the street. Suddenly they paused and fell upon their knees in the road, while a man's voice wailed out a prayer. Time was when Myrtle Street gibed at the Salvationists and threw rocks at them and hustled them about. But that was when the red shirts and the flapping banner were something new. The newness was gone now, and Myrtle Street merely shuffled indifferently past, and the beat of the big drum, the strident voices of the exhorters were quite as much a part of the night sounds of the place as the bawling of the showman or the chatter of the frowsy girls. The woman, shivering under her shawl and fondling her bruised cheek, glanced apathetically at the kneeling men and women, when quickly her eyes became fixed upon the face of one of them whom she knew. It was Maggie, the girl who once occupied a dark little hole of a room next her own in the big tenement house where she yet lived. Maggie! a forlorn, starving thing of whom she had lost track entirely-in truth, she had not thought of her since the day when the poor, snivelling, pale-faced creature had been turned into the street for not paying her rent. Myrtle Street does not waste much time in tracing the whereabouts of unfortunate acquaintances, nor in thinking of them after they drift out of sight under the ever-mounting wave of disaster which laps hungrily thereabout. But Maggie in a big bonnet, with her eyes closed and kneeling in the mud, was enough to arouse Myrtle Street's benumbed curiosity. So the bedraggled woman on the sidewalk pressed quite close to the curb and stared at her, wondering vaguely at the transformation The man ended his prayer, and his companions, rising to their feet, began to sing again. The woman on the curb took no heed of the words which they sang. She was not for some moments vividly conscious of the song at all; she was con-

scious only of being tired and cold. Her curiosity regarding Maggie was dying, and she loitered with the little group which huddled upon the curb, simply because she had nowhere else to go. But as she stood there in the mist with her sunken eyes staring vacantly into the night, the music which touched her ears began to affect her oddly. It was a curious, wailing melody, with a barbaric accompaniment of jingling tamborines, and as its monotonous, insistent swing beat the air a strange feeling of awakening began to stir her dull veins She weaved to and fro a little in unison with the measure of the song. She closed her eyes and felt a tightening in her throat. She clutched her shawl. She felt a wild desire to cry out or sob. Suddenly they ceased to sing, and she opened her eyes with a start. Maggie stepped into the little semi-circle of men and women, and in high, hard tones began to speak.

"Oh! Those is great, great words, my friends, which we have just sung," she said; "awful words! Terrifyin' words! Did you hear 'em? Did you understand 'em? Did they

come home to you?

"When the King comes in,
Like lightning's flash will that instant show
Things hidden long from friend and foe.
Just what he is will each one know,
When the King comes in."

"Think of it! Think of it! Like a flash will it be, and you will know and I will know—everybody will know just what we are. Oh! It is awful! Like lightning's flash will that coming be—remember that! Don't try to believe it is far off. It is n't. It may be to-night. It may be within an hour—a minute—a second, for you and me. But be it near or far, it's coming, coming, coming!" Her voice shrilled piercingly, and the woman, listening so intently upon the curb, felt a thrill of excitement at the sound. It was not

clear to her what it all meant, but she had a queer feeling of awe as she looked at Maggie's drawn face and listened to her strained, sharp voice. "My God!" the girl continued, "Think of it! Think if He comes to-night and finds you in all your sin and wickedness and filth. Think, think and be afraid. Think, and before it's too late, get saved! I am saved, and I thank God to-night for it!"

A low chorus of "Glory to God!" "I believe!" "I believe!" came from her companions.

"I am glad to-night to stand here to tell you that I am saved and happy—oh! so happy! Why do you wait? Some of you know me—I was sinful and tired and afraid once, but not now, thank God! not now. I'm saved, saved, saved!"

Louder and wilder grew the girl's cry. She waved her arms violently, and paced rapidly to and fro. The listening woman shifted her position from the sidewalk to the gutter. Her hands loosened their clutch upon her shawl; she wrung them constantly as she looked with wondering eyes at Maggie—Maggie who was n't tired nor afraid any more, and was happy, and all because she was "saved"! What did it all mean? How had it happened?

The girl stopped abruptly in her walk, and, as though answering her thought, cried, "It is so easy to get saved, too. All you have to do is to throw yourself on your knees and call on Jesus and give yourself up to him, and all your sins and fears and troubles and burdens are gone and you'll be happy and glad and free and saved forever!"

Without a pause her voice shot into the song which they had sung before; but now its measure was changed to a clear, quick chant, with which she kept time by a soft patting with her hands. Clearer and higher grew her tones, and her companions, sinking to their knees, moaned in hushed voices a weird accompaniment, while the gently shaken tamborines

lent again their strange barbaric rhythm, marked from time

to time by the great drum's muffled beat.

Nearer and nearer to the semi-circle of kneeling figures stole the listening woman. Tears were streaming from her eyes, her blue lips quivered, a great sob tore itself from her tight throat. At length she stood quite within the lines of the singers, and then, with a strange, wild cry, she, too, fell upon her knees in the slime of the street. Her old shawl fell from her head, her arms rested upon the drum, her swollen face was buried in them. A great shout of "Glory to God!" went up about her, and someone on the curb cried amazedly, "Why, it's old Kit!" But she heard only that monotonous wailing voice chanting stridently "When the King Comes In." Afterwards there came a knowledge of someone's arm across her shoulders, of whispered words and urgent voices, a sensation of being lifted to her feet and helped along the street, and then a confusing blur of yellow light from oil lamps in a dingy hall. And at length full consciousness, dull fatigue, and an overwhelming desire for sleep.

Maggie and one of the brothers in red jersey and jaunty cap walked home with her, pouring into her ears encouraging advice in strange, cant words, which she but half understood. At the doorway of the human hive where she and Con slept and fought and starved the man looked sharply at Maggie.

"You are sure!" he whispered.

"Yes-they 're married," replied the girl.

"You will come to the barracks early to-morrow morning?" he asked, turning to Kit.

She promised to do so, and, passing into the dark hall, climbed upward to where Con lay in drunken stupor.

The following morning Kit stepped into a new world—a world of friendly words and close companionship. The

squalidly poor know nothing of that luxury called friendship. They are huddled together in vast crowds, squeezed and packed by scores within narrow limits, jostled and elbowed by their kind at every turn. They are suffocated by close But of fellowship, of interest in one another's aims, of sympathy with one another's hardships, they know nothing. Like starving dogs over a bone, they growl and snarl and fly straight at throats. So, when Kit crept half sullenly into the barracks and was greeted by a loud chorus of interested questions and by unstinted praise, the unfamiliar warmth of friendly words thawed into life her sluggish sensibilities. And, too, an entirely new view of herself and the world was suddenly opened to her bewildered gaze-for the first time in her hard life she was looked upon as a human being of some importance. They told her that she was suddenly become different from her kind, she was better than they, she was "saved." Not only that, but she must "save" others. She must quit the old life and work for the common good. Her new friends were as uncouth and as poor and as hard pressed as herself. In their attitude there was none of that maddening condescension, none of that supercilious casting of surplus comforts at her feet, as one would toss a half-eaten orange toward a hungry-eyed beggar brat, which was the only sort of charity Kit had known of hitherto. The friendship of the Salvationist was the frank comradeship of plain men and women; their charity was the outcome of a crude, but living, religious idea. And their wild enthusiasm caught her dull soul in its sweep and lifted it a little above the fetid mists of her world. Some latent spark of womanly ambition was stirred into life, and with halting, dogged feet she tried to climb out of the dank valley of her past.

It was a wearisome task, but the exhilarating sense of friendly interest in her success sustained her. The old appetite for strong drink stung her, but the excitement of the new life helped to dull the craving. She tramped the streets with her companions, her cracked voice shouting quaveringly with them as they sang. She stepped sometimes into the little semi-circle at the street corners to tell excitedly "how glad she was that she was saved." She knelt with the others and prayed aloud for those who were not as she. She was one of a great, enthusiastic army, held up and aided by the superficial strength which comes of close fellowship and common aims. But with that growth of strength in one quarter there came a strange weakness in another. She was growing childishly afraid of Con, and with the growth of that fear there started into life and waxed strong a new loathing and hatred for his rum-soaked person. She would have fled from him only that her new masters told her she must stick to him. It was her duty to cling to him and to "save" Their first injunction she obeyed meekly, but to their second command she turned a deaf ear. She knew what Con was; they did not. Every human creature in the wide world might be saved-except her husband. He was beyond the pale of humanity. So long as she did not bother him, he paid little attention to her goings and comings. Only once she ventured to protest when he had spent a week's earnings for drink (Con hada "pull" with the ward "boss," and when there were no other means of getting money for drink he found employment with the street cleaners), and he had knocked her down for her temerity, and after that she held her peace and wished dumbly that he might die.

At length there came a proud day when Kit, after unwonted labor over her wash-tub, was the possessor of a decent black gown and of the long-coveted poke bonnet. It was the eve of a great rally at the barracks, when some officer of high degree from "headquarters" was to review the ranks of his army. At the close of day, when the long shadows were be-

ginning to steal across the bare little room, with its musty bed, its one chair and its rickety table pushed into a corner, Kit crouched upon the floor close up under the grey light of her window, intent upon her work. There were but a few stitches needed to complete her gown, and her stiff fingers fumbled eagerly with the unfamiliar needle. Her thoughts were busy with the glories of the morrow, and she crooned one of the Salvationist hymns as she sewed. And to her singing in the twilight there came the sound of shuffling footsteps outside her door. She looked up apprehensively as the door flew open to admit her husband, He was drunk, sullenly, brutally drunk.

"Where's my supper?" he demanded, falling heavily into the chair. "Where's my supper, I say?" he repeated, fixing an evil eye upon her.

"I'll get it now, Con. I was busy workin' on my dress, an' I clean forgot your supper," she explained, humbly.

"Yer dress?" he asked. "What right's a measly fool like you with dresses? Le's see it." He stretched forth his hand. She caught the black garment sharply away from him.

"No, you'll spoil it!" she cried, tossing the dress into a corner behind the bed. "You just set still there, an' I'll get you somethin' to eat."

"Eatin' be damned!" he replied, surlily. "I want somethin' to drink. Here! you take the can an' get somethin' from Mike's. 'F you can buy clothes, you can buy drinks."

"No, no, Con, not now. Wait till I get supper."

"I do n't want no supper! You rush de can, I tell you!"

"I won't!"

"The hell you won't?"

He started from his chair and went towards her, but something in her eyes made even his sodden senses recoil. He looked at her dubiously a moment, and then stumbled out

of the room, muttering thickly.

As the door closed behind him, the woman sprang for her gown, and, dragging it from the corner, slipped it on. A few more stitches were needed in it, but she dared not wait to take them. A great terror filled her soul. She felt that her husband would return quickly, uglier and wilder by a few drams. With shaking fingers she pinned her gown together as best she might. She smoothed her scanty, dry, dead hair with her hands, and then she lifted her bonnet from the bed. She held it a moment admiringly, drawing her fingers softly over its trimmings of dark blue silk, and along its narrow band of scarlet ribbon, where the bright gilt letters shone. She put it on her head and tied the soft strings carefully under her chin. She glanced hesitatingly at the old plaid shawl, wishing that she had a better one, but the night was cold, and she drew it about her shoulders. With a little sigh of relief she turned to leave the room. As her hand touched the door-latch she heard Con's heavy tread upon the stairs. She noted that he staggered a little, and with a quick indrawing of her breath she drew herself flat against the wall in the shadows. The man threw the door open fiercely, steadying himself against the jamb as he peered into the dim room.

"Where are you, you she-devil?" he called.

The woman made no sound, and he stepped inside the room, with his broad back towards her. Inch by inch she crept along against the wall towards the door, as he stood turning from side to side in his maudlin search for her, and as her feet touched the threshold he turned and saw her. He rushed forward and grabbed her arms.

"Givin' me the dirty sneak, are you?" he growled, shoving her inside the room and closing the door. "What

d' yer mean? Eh?"

Kit made no answer. She backed off, her face gleaming white inside her big bonnet.

"Yer a nice one, ain't you?" he continued. "Won't get me nothin' to eat or drink, an' spendin' yer money fur clothes, an' then tryin' to make a sneak! Oh! I was onto you all the time! You white-faced fool! What d' yer mean? Eh? Damn you, what d' yer mean?"

"Stop, Con! Do n't hit me!"

He stumbled forward deliberately and struck her upturned face. She staggered into the corner by the table, and faced him again. A tiny stream of something red trickled down her cheek. Her eyes were suddenly ablaze.

"Let me go!" she shrieked. "Let me go!"

"Yer'll go an' get de can filled, that 's where yer'll go !"

"I won't-never!"

A spasm of hate and rage and terror writhed in her face. With the quickness of desperation she caught a knife from the table and waited for him.

He lunged toward her with uplifted arm. Before his blow fell she gave one swift thrust, and his arm came down simply upon her shoulder. For a moment he stood strangely still. He clenched his fist; his teeth were tight; he breathed hard through his nose,

"Damn you-" Then he reeled and fell.

And as the woman stood there in the gathering gloom, with his blood crawling towards her on the floor, she heard the beat of a drum, and the sound of voices singing shrilly, far down the street. On they came, nearer and louder, until her listening ears heard the thrum of the tamborines. Under her window they passed, and away into the night, until at last their sound was lost in the ceaseless, sullen tumult of Myrtle Street.

ANTHONY LELAND.



THE SOUL

GARDNER C. TEALL

ADIRGE

No more for him the skies, No more for him the sun; Upon his eyelids lies Dusk and oblivion.

Forever has he found
Sleep and its secrecies,
Since the untroubled bound
Of under-earth is his.

And we who know life's land, Its passion and its fret, Why should we curse the hand That taught him to forget?

Rather give word to mirth, Let not a tear be shed, But set, in the warm earth, Poppies above his head!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

NOTES

¶Some years ago, Miss Louise Imogen Guiney and Miss Alice Brown started a paper, called, I believe, "The Pilgrim's Scrip." At the top of the editorial page of the initial number, they put this quotation:

"Ave! morituri te salutamus."

The tradesman may always turn to account generous impulses, such as patriotism, or an admiration for Trilby, or what not, and gull the public. In an obscure side street of my acquaintance, there is a small and dingy restaurant which last week appeared to have as clientèle a forlorn dozen of be-

draggled patrons. This week it has hung forth a signboard freshly blazoned with "Armenian Dishes." Within, a herd of enemies of the unspeakable Turk bolt unsavory messes and glow with enthusiasm for the Christian martyrs. The proprietor has attained speedy prosperity by his knowledge of the reversible nature of accepted and axiomatic truths. Truly the way to a man's stomach is through his heart.

Somewhat in this same illogical way we are constantly urged to gulp down books and plays because they are American. The other day in New York a play taken from "Chimmie Fadden" was produced. Now "Chimmie Fadden" was an amusing book, but "wot t'ell," it was not a good book. Chimmie's dialect was so novel, in itself so essentially humorous, that Mr. Townsend would have amused us almost as much had he used it in paraphrasing "The Decline and Fall." The incidents which he actually related were impossible and melodramatic. Yet, when this play was produced, several dramatic critics called on us to forgive its faults because it was American. There is a music hall song current (Chimmie doubtless knows it,) which trolls,

"Just a plain American girl is good enough for me."

Even in this sentiment I, myself, cannot concur; for I prefer an American girl who is not plain; but when it comes to saying that

"Just a bad American play is good enough for me,"

I don't want the foreign plays they have across the sea," I refuse point blank. I am especially goaded to this by such references to Mr. Pinero's incomparably clever play, "The Benefit of the Doubt," as "imported immorality, from which the American public is glad to turn to a wholesome American play, even though the latter be full of crudities, and even vulgarity."

NOTES



PORTRAIT OF M. ANDHRÉ DES GACHONS

BY PAUL BERTHON

There is published in Paris a miniature magazine called "Le Livre des Legendes." It is edited by Jacques des Gachons. The art director is his brother, Andhré, who is the author of the colored design issued with this number of the Chap-Book. The magazine is the most impossible

thing in the world: it has no touch of the time in its character. It is done for love, and the love of love: it can never be a success: it can never pay expenses. It is devoted to fairy stories—to imaginative tales—childishly sweet pieces, full of princesses and sleeping beauties and enchanted castles. It is done with a reverence for dreams and a love of châteaux en Espagne, and pictured in the same spirit—quaintly. The little book is d'une naiveté charmante. There is nothing more pure in modern art than Andhré des Gachon's designs: he is a child of the middle ages, impelled by a feeling for the simple, elemental interests of imaginative romance. He is "l' imagier." "Deus et Ars," is his motto. "Il jouit de ce délicieux état d'âme qui est la croyance illimitée à tous les Inconnus éternels."

"Il va de son pinceau léger et candide réveiller les princesses endormies par quelque maléfice, il nous fait entrer dans les actions délicieuses du Prince Jehan; il nous montre la toute juvénile ardeur d' Auréus et l'angélique beauté de Prim-Je vous en prie, suivez toute cette succession adorable de tableaux en miniature, goûtez-en pleinement l'évocation caressante, et dites-moi s'il peut être des compositions plus attachantes que le paysage d'Aureus à la Chasse, La Fuite d' Aureus, Nouveaux Appels, le Pere de Primavera, avec cette mer cérulienne qui luit à travers le vitrage ouvert, et ceci uniquement pour laisser le mérite d'invoquer les autres images. Puis, l'on voit apparaître, les tées évocatrices et bienfaisantes, celles qui hantèrent les paysages et qui laissèrent leurs lueurs roses, bleues et vertes, pour consoler les feuilles attristées de leur départ et qui allaient reprendre leur vêture endeuillée; les bonnes fées-la bonne fée peut-être ?qui venaient conseiller l'artiste et écarter les ronces aux pentes trop ardues. Bonne fée dont l'image se répète."

¶I have been reading an account by Henry Bordeaux of his impressions of Le Prince Naif, and as Le Théâtre Minuscule is not a matter of common knowledge here, some account

of it may prove interesting.

To the Hall des Cent, the attractive little room which La Plume has luxuriously fitted for the exhibition of pictures and statues, a select company of artists, amateurs and snobs, of women in exquisite costumes of changing tones, of indefinable shades-hurried on the 16th of last January, to witness the representation of the Prince Naif, a poetic drama, by Jacques des Gachons, the editor of the Livre des Legendes, with thirty-two scenes by Andhré des Gachons,

The creation of this Miniature Theatre is a real novelty in the world of art. Nothing can be compared to it; neither the Marionnette Theatre, where they gave the pretty mystery plays of Maurice Bouchor nor the shadow pictures of the Chat Noir, revealing the indefinite splendor of the Marche à l'Etoile or the heroic grandeur of the Epopée Im-

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When all the lights were put out and the room was left in absolute darkness, a small screen was drawn aside and the scenery appeared lighted from behind by lamps with shades of different colors. At the same time in a soft voice, the poet began slowly to recite his lines, accompanied by music

sweet, indolent, or passionate.

The story is naive and touching. The little Prince Naif is the surviving member of an accursed race; he alone was saved by the ingenuousness of his heart from the terrible death predestined for all of his family in punishment for their crimes. Left alone in the Château de Malediction, he wanders through its endless corridors; he knows the horror of its halls reddened by blood: of its emptiness-people with At last he sees again the light of day and meets the clear-eyed maid, who gives him her love and wins his



ILLUSTRATION FOR A POEM BY JEAN LORRAIN
BY ANDHRÉ DES GACHONS

heart. But before giving way to the joy of their souls, they separated. For the Prince Jehan must know something of life—that he might better, in time to come, care for her happiness. They swear to be faithful to each other, and the Prince goes out into the world. He is tempted by all the spirits of evil and by all sins, but he avoids the Reef of Pride and the Palace of Luxury, and ultimately, Conqueror of Temptation, he returns to his well-beloved to rest his heart against the heart of the one who had waited for him—all confidently—through the sadness of her long solitary nights.

This outline only detracts from the graceful little story, which is attractive, chiefly through the details and ingenuity of phrase. I have simply wished to show by it a return to the old legends, a return to the poetic past, where souls were beautiful and fresh. The music, nervous and caressing, by Henry Quittard, adds also to the impression of a legendary dream. The scenery is above all admirable. It is of a surprising richness of color. There are tints of the setting sun on the rocks, effects of the moon mysteriously blue and pale on the sea and on the shore, sunrises with changing and shading reflections on waves which seem strewn with flowerswhich are admirable. One seems to be in a land of dreams, where the broad day gives to things the appearance of joy and of fête, where nature is a perpetual symphony of delicate, sweet, and laughing colors. Other scenes are more sombre; under dark arches appear rooms filled with horror, spotted with blood, barely lighted by lamps whose flickering rays double the terror. The tapestry on the walls, the play of colors in the stuffs, the sumptuous costumes of the characters, are all of a remarkable richness.

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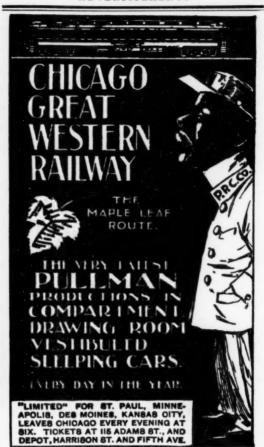
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